

An ADDRESS to the Free Burgesses of Newcastle.

CUP 21 37/73

A New SONG.

YE Burgesses all,
Attend to my call,
On the borders of Tyne, that fair rivet,
And long as you live,
Your votes freely give
To Blackett and Ridley for ever.

Think what you're about,
O how can you doubt,
They'll never deceive you, no never;
Your int'rests (depend)
They'll always defend,
So Blackett and Ridley for ever.

Ben't led by the nose,
How can you suppose
A stranger can give you protection;
You'll well want your whips,
If you e'er vote for P——s,
Should he stand at the gen'ral election.

No property he,
Amongst you who are free;
This Captain a place, or a pension,
When money is scant,
Will certainly want,
No other can be his intention.

Sir Walter you know
Makes charity flow,
And blessings heaps up in his quiver;
Cloaths those who're in need,
Does the hungry feed,
So noble Sir Walter for ever.

Sir Matthew's well known,
Born near to your town,
Will protect you from violence and danger;
Who then that are wise
Would his kindness despise,
And give up their rights to a stranger.

Ye friends to the cause,
Deserving applause,
Your conduct will always be deemed;
Ye who had no fears,
Honest volunteers,
By all will be ever esteemed.

A bumper then fill,
With hearty good will,
Success to the trade of this river;
Likewise to the king
Let's chearfully sing,
And BLACKETT and RIDLEY for ever.